

many years was there, and the tender words of the consoler heard through tears, single words of love dropped by chance to strangers, pet-names, and the names of home. All these and many more, infinitely varied as the leaves on a summer tree, blended from above, below, around, into such a harmony as is not in Earth nor yet in Heaven and drew the Dreamer, bore him, along, aloft, gently, softly, in the dark and heavy air.